

*The Comickall Historie of*

*Solan.* And *Shylock* for his own part knew the bird was fledge,  
and then it is the complexion of them all to leave the dam.

*Shy.* She is damnd for it.

*Salar.* Thats certaine, if the Devill may be her Iudge.

*Shy.* My own flesh and blood to rebell.

*Sola.* Out upon it old Carrion, rebels it at these yeares.

*Shy.* I say my daughter is my flesh and my blood.

*Solari.* There is more difference between thy flesh and hers,  
then between Jet and Ivorie, more between your blouds, then  
there is between Red wine and Rennish: but tell us, do you heare  
whether *Antonio* have had any lesse at sea or no?

*Shy.* There I have another bad match, a bankrout, a prodigall,  
who dare scarce shew his head on the Ryalto, a beggar that was  
usd to come so smug upon the Mart: let him looke to his bond,  
he was wont to call me Usurer, let him looke to his bond, he was  
wont to lend money for a Christian curse, let him looke to his  
bond.

*Solari.* Why I am sure if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his  
flesh, whats that good for?

*Shyl.* To bait fish withall, if it will feed nothing else, it will  
feed my revenge; he hath disgrac'd me, and hindred me halfe a  
million, laught at my losses, mockt at my gaine, scorned my Na-  
tion, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine ene-  
mies, and whats his reason, I am a Jew: Hath not a Jew eyes, hath  
not a Jew hands, organs, demensions, senses, affections, pissions,  
fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to  
the same diseases, healed by the same meanes, warmed and cooled  
by the same Winter and Summer as a Christian is: if you prick us,  
do we not bleed, if you tickle us, do we not laugh; if you poyson  
us, do we not die, and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge, if we  
are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew  
wrong a Christian, what is his humility, revenge? If a Christian  
wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian exam-  
ple, why revenge? The villany you teach me, I will execute, and  
it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

*Enter*

*the Merch*

*Enter a man fr*

Gentlemen, my Master *Ant*  
speak with you both.

*Saleri.* We have been up a

*Enter*

*Solanio.* Here comes another  
match, unlesse the Devill hims

*Shy.* How now *Tuball*, w  
found my daughter?

*Tuball.* I often came where  
find her.

*Shylocke.* Why there, there  
me two thousand Ducats in *Fra*  
our Nation till now, I never fel  
in that, and other precious, prec  
were dead at my foot, and the j  
heurst at my foot, and the Ducat  
why so? and I know not wh  
losse upon losse, the theefe gone  
the theefe, and no satisfaction  
but what lights a my shoulders  
teares but a my shedding.

*Tuball.* Yes, other men have  
in *Genowa*?

*Shy.* What, what, what, ill l

*Tuball.* Hath an Argosie cast

*Shy.* I thank God, I thank G

*Tuball.* I spoke with some of

*Shy.* I thank thee good *Tuba*  
ha, heere in *Genowa*.

*Tuball.* Your daughter spent  
fourescore Ducats.

*Shy.* Thou stickst a dagger in  
gaine, fourescoure Ducats at a fitt

*Tuball.* There came divers of  
pany to *Venice*, that sweare he ca